

Evening Tide by Luddleston

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Summary:

When the ocean rolled and churned like this, most folk avoided the beach.

Patroclus ran down to the shore; those waves crashed loud because they were calling out for him.

Patroclus meets the Earth-Shaker for another rendezvous.

Evening Tide

Author's Note:

- For [miraculan](#).

-points at icky- their fault

(Yes, Patroclus is listed as one of Poseidon's lovers and yes Poseidon taught him how to ride. Horses. And cock.)

When the ocean rolled and churned like this, most folk avoided the beach.

"The seas look angry," they would say, with worried glances out to rough water cut with choppy waves. Strong currents would drag you under if you weren't careful. The tides would rise and swallow you. And even if you dragged yourself out of the ocean, coughing up seawater and heaving breath back into your lungs, you'd catch your death of cold after.

Patroclus ran down to the shore; those waves crashed loud because they were calling out for him.

"Someone must have pissed off the Earth-Shaker," he'd heard earlier that day, from someone bemoaning the state of the water.

They were almost correct, and yet so very far off.

Clouds rolled in, but the sun had been beating down all morning and the sand was still warm beneath his feet, making the frothy kiss of seafoam a blissful relief as the latest wave rolled in. The water was dark and foreboding and he dashed right into it.

He was up to his waist when the first wave crashed over him, dousing him completely. It didn't hit him like a death-current, sucking his breath from his lungs, but tickled over his shoulders and his chest, making him gasp as warm skin was washed with chilly water. He held his breath and dove further.

"Is he mad?" somebody had asked as they'd seen him pass, headed straight for the sea.

"No, he'll be fine, answered someone who knew better. *"The ocean loves him."*

The next wave shoved him upward, off his feet, and he went surging back toward the shore only to be snatched up again and pulled into the arms of the sea.

The arms of the sea god, rather.

Poseidon caught him about the waist and let the waters surge around Patroclus, shoving at his back to push him closer to the body against his, as if he wasn't already shaking soaked hair out of his face specifically to drag Poseidon into a kiss. The waves around them were warm, as comfortable as a plush bed, and Poseidon leaned backward until he was floating on his back with Patroclus atop him, not breaking the kiss until a kick of powerful fins sent them further out to sea.

"I was starting to think you didn't hear me calling for you," he said. His voice shook out of his chest and Patroclus folded his arms up there, perfectly content to attempt a catnap on a god's breast.

"I heard you," he said.

"And it's a good thing you did! I was about to send a tidal wave after you."

"You needn't do that," Patroclus said, closing his eyes to enjoy the rock of the water around them. Poseidon sometime affected human legs when he wanted to come ashore (human-ish legs, at least) but today he had his customary fish's tail, longer than Patroclus' own height twice over and ribboning out through the water behind them, pushing them through the currents in a lazy display of the sea-god's might. "All you need to do is call, I'll come for you."

"That you will!" he joked.

"I'm counting on it." Patroclus let one hand trail through the water, looking at the tiny wakes of each fingertip as they moved. "Where are you taking me today?"

Poseidon knew of all the cliffs and caves that connected to the sea, bays that men had yet to discover because they were hidden just out of sight, coves that grew so thick with vegetation around the edges, that they were only accessible if you knew where to look. There, they would enjoy long, lazy hours together, making love until Patroclus tired, and then Poseidon would spend even more time showering him in affection, pampering him and decorating him with all the spoils of the sea, perfect seashells and pearls and delicate corals. In his hair there still hung a few strings of white pearls from their last time together, gleaming against the rich black of his curls.

Sometimes, though, they would just float together, as they were now, fooling around in the open ocean. It was difficult, trying to balance atop Poseidon, but he'd taught Patroclus how to move with the swell of the waves to ride him even when he had no resistance to push against.

"I have somewhere special I'd like to bring you, my dear." There was a wicked curve to his smile, a light in his eyes that made Patroclus stretch up to kiss him again.

There was a long moment of tangling together, Patroclus' knees dropping to rest on either side of Poseidon's waist, feet crossing behind the base of his tail, feeling powerful, inhuman muscle shift beneath his thighs. Poseidon still propelled them through the water—Patroclus had discovered some time ago that he was perfectly able to tell direction and avoid obstacles even without looking. His hands came up to smooth over Patroclus' smooth jaw, then down his neck.

"You didn't allow me a chance to explain," he noted. "But I can't fault you for your eagerness."

"You can't fault me for much of anything," Patroclus remarked.

"I cannot. Not when you're so pretty. Like a pearl." He gave Patroclus another luxurious kiss before finally explaining. "There is a grotto I would

like to take you to, which is frequented by the nymphs. The entrance is underwater, though, you'll have to hold your breath."

"For how long?" Patroclus was a perfectly adequate swimmer, but Poseidon had confessed to, on more than one occasion, forgetting how long mortals could survive underwater.

"Not too long. I can share my own with you, too. Just give me a kiss and breathe in, when you need it." He slowed, his hands moving to Patroclus' waist, holding him in a way that was more practical than romantic, keeping him close for the sake of safety. "When you're ready."

Patroclus took a breath.

They plunged beneath the water and the sound of the waves turned dull. Ordinarily, Patroclus could not open his eyes beneath the sea without the sting of salt, but Poseidon purposefully made the water around them a little more hospitable, clear and soothing, allowing Patroclus to see his realm for what it was. Around them, schools of silver fish flashed like lightning, and darker shadows lingered in the depths, predators lurking just out of reach. The ocean was a thousand dangers, but as long as its ruler loved him, he was safe.

When his lungs started to ache he stretched up to meet Poseidon's lips, a stream of bubbles tickling his face and a push of fresh air into his chest. He let it out slowly, taking as long as he could to look around before stealing another breath.

The lower they went, the more the pressure of the water increased, making his head pound, but soon, he could see a rocky cave ahead. Poseidon stroked his back, a reassuring little touch before pushing them forward and though the cave entrance with such speed, all the rest of the air in his lungs choked out of him and he accidentally swallowed a mouthful of water before they finally came rocketing up out of the surface and into the grotto.

He coughed, spitting water out his mouth and nose, feeling lightheaded at having come up from the depths so quickly. "Agh. Bit too fast, there."

"Oh, you poor little thing," Poseidon said, although it was hard to take his words of pity seriously while he was laughing. "There, dear. Breathe, or whatever it is you mortals must."

"Breathing is a must," Patroclus said, as he struggled to do so at pace. When he finally managed it, he got a look around the place, and his breath was stolen from his lips once more.

He was expecting a grotto under the sea to be a dark, damp place, but this was full of light. There was a round aperture in the ceiling, so high above it would be impossible to reach. Dozens of clusters of crystals that hung from the ceiling like stars in a stone sky, reflecting rainbows throughout the chamber. There was a ridge of land ringing the edge of the enormous room, thick with greenery that grew toward the sunlight above. Around the edges of the ceiling opening, little waterfalls flowed steadily down, falling over Poseidon's shoulders.

"It's beautiful here," he said, as Poseidon led him to the widest part of what little ground bordered the grotto, helping him onto a moss-covered rock that was near-level with the water. The chamber was as big as the largest temples, and as richly appointed, although not by the hands of men. "I thought you said there were nymphs?"

Poseidon did not pull himself up and out of the water, but rested his arms on the ledge where Patroclus sat, laying his head on Patroclus' thigh. "I ensured that we would be alone. I've never known you to be interested in voyuers, Patroclus," he teased.

"I wouldn't mind a few," Patroclus said, running his fingers through Poseidon's beard, smoothing the last licks of seawater from it.

"Such a daring young man." Poseidon cupped the bend of his knee and used it to part his legs a little, laying a kiss on the inside of his thigh. He pressed another higher, nudging Patroclus' chiton, which was soaked through and barely serving as clothing anyway, up out of the way. "Let's get you out of these wet clothes, shall we? I'm sure you'll be much more comfortable."

In truth, he did not like having his clothing cling to every contour of his body. He allowed Poseidon to do most of the work, still tired from the swim even though he hadn't been the one propelling them through the water. It left him stripped naked and spread out like an offering for the god, who worked him to hardness with a touch as warm as the sunlit shallows. He lifted one of Patroclus' legs to rest over his shoulder, his mouth joining his hand, making Patroclus push into his touch and moan loud enough to echo off the walls.

"That's it," Poseidon murmured, from between his legs. "You sound so beautiful."

The acknowledgment of his noisiness made him clamp down on it, too used to keeping himself quiet in other situations.

"Don't get shy on me now, little pearl. Tell me what you'd like me to do to spoil you today." He licked over the head of Patroclus' cock again. "Do you want me to come up there and fuck you?"

"Actually," Patroclus said, "I thought you might stay down there and fuck me." He planted his hands on the rock behind him and lifted his hips, shifting toward the water and smearing his cock over Poseidon's cheek in the process. "You know how I feel about your cock while you're in this form."

The smirk said that Poseidon, indeed, knew. "Get in here, then," he said, helpfully tugging at Patroclus' hips to urge him forward until his lower half slipped below the surface again. It was still pleasantly warm, and made his skin tingle where it had chilled after being exposed to the air.

Poseidon arranged him so that he could lean his arms on the outcropping of rock, but his lower half floated free, all for the Earth-Shaker's taking. He could feel Poseidon's tail curling around his right leg, the sinuous drag of smooth scales caressing him. He rocked back—in this form, Poseidon's cock hid itself in a slit while he was unaroused, but Patroclus could already feel it sliding free, notably more mobile than an ordinary man's would be.

Poseidon's hands appreciatively passed over his body, his chest down to his hips, and he shifted Patroclus' hair to the side to kiss his neck. He gave a little nip, teeth just a little too sharp.

Patroclus was struck with the memory of another pair of sharp teeth, a nereid's, not a sea god's, bared in a brilliant smile just before Achilles leaned in to taste his mouth. Patroclus bent forward a little, pressing a hand to his mouth to cover a moan that was for a different lover.

"I told you not to be shy," Poseidon reminded him. "But perhaps you need a little more motivation to sing for me." He shifted forward, his grip on Patroclus' leg tightening, his cock rubbing against Patroclus' entrance, slick even in the water. The tip was tapered enough that he could take it without preparation. The rest would take more.

"Ah, there—" he cried, as Poseidon pushed forward until his hips were flush with Patroclus' ass, his cock long enough that the head rubbed against his balls from this position, curling around, dexterous as one of his fingers. It made Patroclus squirm, and Poseidon let him rut a little, before grasping his hip and holding him in place, just let him feel the thickness of it between his legs.

He pressed his thighs together and got a satisfied sigh for it, but Poseidon shook his head and then nudged his nose against Patroclus' ear. "Open your legs for me, there you go." It was Poseidon who moved him into position, his tail thick enough to spread Patroclus' thighs apart with ease. He could feel the fins that ran up either side tickling his inner thighs, the wide fin at the very end intermittently brushing Patroclus' feet as it twisted in the water beneath them, keeping Poseidon floating perfectly in place.

He wouldn't need to move to float—he could just manipulate the water around him. He'd done it plenty of times, most notably when he fucked Patroclus on the beach and used the flow of the waves to thrust without the leverage that a pair of human legs would give him. But he knew Patroclus liked the feeling, the muscle and movement of his tail.

Patroclus leaned further forward, planting his elbows on the rocky outcropping, his head dropping down as he felt the head of Poseidon's cock

press into him, the feeling something between a finger and a cock. This time, he did not keep himself from moaning aloud.

The cave walls echoed.

"Yes, very good," Poseidon said, and Patroclus could hear the smile on his lips. He put a hand in Patroclus' hair, grasping it about halfway down its length, where Patroclus sometimes tied it to keep the mass of it from getting in his face. He pulled, slow but sure, so that Patroclus was not hurt as long as he obeyed, tipping his head back for a kiss.

Poseidon's teeth made him think of Achilles but his tongue didn't. It was long, pointed, the only way it could've gotten more inhuman would be if it was bifurcated like a snake's. It was also *persistent*, thoroughly fucking Patroclus' mouth because Patroclus had yet to adjust to the intrusion in his ass. Poseidon always tasted like the sea to some extent, a little salty, a little briny. It was more noticeable when Patroclus sucked his cock.

He gasped into the kiss when Poseidon pushed in a little deeper and stole the breath from him. "Alright, my pearl?"

He tried to kiss again and mostly got Poseidon's beard. "Keep going," he said. "I can take it."

"Oh, I know you can," Poseidon said, warmth in his voice. His hand drifted down, pressed against Patroclus' belly, pulling him in closer, stretching him to his fullest. Patroclus' toes curled, his feet slipping on Poseidon's tail again. "You take me so well, every time."

He slipped out by the smallest degree, rocking back in. His hand was so close to Patroclus' cock. Patroclus couldn't keep his eyes from rolling back, his mouth from dropping open. "Yes!"

Poseidon's cock was prehensile enough to reach all the most perfect places inside Patroclus on every thrust, rocking into him over and over as Poseidon gave him kisses like salt spray, wet down his jaw and neck. "Tell me what you'd like, my pearl. Tell me how to make you come for me."

"Touch me. Touch my cock," Patroclus said, getting specific because he knew he would be teased if he was vague.

Poseidon's hand stayed right where it was at, to feel Patroclus' breath as he gasped like he was a man half-drowned, seawater rising up to his chest despite his position on the rocks, the tide pulling at his legs, tugging him down, fucking him onto Poseidon's cock.

The water flowed around Patroclus' cock in a way that clearly said his requests had been answered. It was warm around him, stroking him off and letting him fuck into it at the same time.

No mortal would last long like this, under a god's hands. Patroclus was overstimulated in every direction, every inch of him filled and caressed and overstimulated as the ocean itself made love to him.

Poseidon fucked him through an orgasm that had his toes curling, his head dropping onto his arms, trembling and crying out like a perfect image of youthful desire.

Poseidon didn't stop afterward, not until Patroclus sobbed with overstimulation and kicked in the direction of his tail and Poseidon remembered his lover was but a mortal man. He pulled out and the water around Patroclus turned soothingly cool, Poseidon wrapping an arm around his chest to draw him up.

"You're alright," he said, "you can take it. Lean on me like this, that's it, my pearl, such a beautiful little treasure."

Still entirely boneless, Patroclus leaned his head back on Poseidon's shoulder, allowing Poseidon's tail to wrap around his legs, holding them tight together so that Poseidon could fuck his thighs. He floated in the afterglow, meeting Poseidon for clumsy kisses when he could. With the water cooled around them, Poseidon's cock felt hot between his thighs, his tail constricting to make the space between Patroclus' thighs tight for him to fuck.

Water filled the little chamber they were in, to the point at which Patroclus would have sunk under if Poseidon lost his grip. It wasn't a true tide, it was Poseidon's rising pleasure, made obvious by the fact that even within the cave, there were waves beginning to crash, the waterfalls pouring in faster and flaring white with foam rather than serenely trickling into the pool below.

His orgasm was a hurricane, and Patroclus dug his hand into the back of Poseidon's neck, standing on the knife-edge of panic that came with fucking such an elemental power.

But the seas calmed after a time, and Poseidon settled onto his back, letting Patroclus float atop him, carefully keeping him propped high enough that Patroclus could breathe.

"Thanks for that," Patroclus said.

"Don't talk as if we're done already!" Poseidon laughed, moving in lazy laps around the circumference of the cavern.

And of course they were not done already, Poseidon would work him up over and over, until Patroclus shook to pieces under him.

The tide would always rise again.

Author's Note:

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